Northern Messenger

VOLUME XLIII. No. 22 MONTREAL, MAY 31, 1907. Cts. Per An. Post-Paid

J W M Poser 31 MAY 07

At Jericho.

'Lydia, I was disappointed. The place looked so poor, and everywhere were marks of the robber hordes who sweep down upon the place, bringing such terror and destruction. The ancient grandeur of the place has departed, and the beautiful legends the old people tell of the former Jericho sound incredible.'

'You saw our little cousins, and Aunt Eunice and Uncle John?' inquired Lydia.

'AND ZACCHAEUS RAN BEFORE, AND CLIMBED UP INTO A SYCAMORE-TREE TO SEE JESUS, FOR HE WAS TO PASS THAT WAY.'—LUKE xix., 4.

'Yes, we saw them, but they had been passing through very trying circumstances.'

'Surely nothing has happened to them!'

'Well,' explained Elizabeth, 'a great calamity had befallen them. You remember Uncle John's writing of his having to sell first one piece of land, and then another, in order to satisfy the chief of the publicans who lives there? Well, when we went to Jericho they were living with Uncle John's brother. Everybody despised the wicked Zacchaeus, but he did not seem to care so long as he kept getting more money.'

'I do not see how he could enjoy his money when he knew people were suffering for it,' said Lydia.

'I do not know. But one day, Lydia, a strange thing happened. We had been there a week. I can never forget that day,—it was the most wonderful day of my life.

'Father and I were in our room at the inn. It was very warm, and the sun's rays, reflected on the bare rocks, beyond the city, intensified the heat. Everybody was indoors.

'Presently we heard a shout of many voices, and away up the road, coming straight for the entrance of the city, was a great multitude of people, all on foot. Nearer and nearer they came. There seemed to be one man robed in white whom all the people gathered around, as we stood in the street, and an old man close behind us murmured with solemn reverence, "It is the Messias."

'The multitude surged towards us, and some of the Jericho people recognized friends and relatives from other parts of the country. "There is my brother from Galilee," exclaimed a young woman near by. "Why, there is Cousin John from Cana," said a young man eagerly. While the people exclaimed, the old man behind us said aloud, "Yes, it is Jesus." The people took up the words, and they spread rapidly among the throng.'

'Was it really Jesus the Nazarene?' questioned Lydia. 'What did he look like, Elizabeth? I have heard much of him.'

Elizabeth looked away to the dim outline of the distant mountains, and Lydia saw the tears fill her eyes as she answered, 'I can't describe him, Lydia. He was so humble and strong and noble; no human being could ever make you see what he was like. He looked at me once, and smiled. His face was so gentle, and his eyes so tender and loving. I wanted to go to him. I would have followed him anywhere; all the children wanted to go to him.

'His look was not like that of any other person. He did not give you just a passing glance, but his eyes rested on your face an instant in such a beautiful way, you felt that he had left a part of his presence with you, and that you would always be kind and loving. I believe he looked at every one in that vast multitude. The people were silent. The faces of the men were more gentle, and many women were weeping.

'As he passed us, father turned and followed with the rest. Jesus had not gone far when he stopped and beckoned to some one above us. We all looked up, and there in a tree by the road sat Zacchaeus. Because he was so small he was afraid he would not be able to see Jesus, so he had run on before and climbed this tree. And Jesus told him to hasten down, for he was going to abide with him that day. Zacchaeus hurried down and received him with great joy.

'But the people were disappointed, and began to speak to each other: "This is not the Christ." "This is the friend of publicans and sinners." "He is the oppressor's friend, he cares not for the poor." It made me very angry to hear them talk so against him, but I did feel sorry to see him associate with the wicked Zacchaeus.

'Some followed Jesus to the house, openly protesting, and they heard Zacchaeus tell him that he would give half of his goods to the poor, and if he had wronged any man he would repay him fourfold. Of course the people only scorned him the more for trying to deceive Jesus with promises of good deeds.

'But he did all he promised. He gave half to Uncle John all his property, and fourfold additional. They are so happy. All whom he had oppressed received the same treatment. The people now know he is sincere, and the once hated Zacchaeus is loved and respected, —but as far as wealth is concerned he has no more than the rest.'

'How much he must love Jesus!' exclaimed Lydia wistfully.

'You would love him too, Lydia, if you could only see him.'

'I think I do now,' she murmured.

Elizabeth looked into the sweet hazel eyes with loving sympathy, then they both silently turned their faces toward the far-off city where so soon the Christ was to suffer for the sins of the world.—'S. S. Times.'

THE STARVING MILLIONS IN CHINA.

Ten Dollars Will Keep a Family Till the Next Crop is Harvested.

DUPLICATE.

RECEIVED MAY 4 1907 ANSWERED

Shanghai, 1907

Received from the Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China the sum of Taels two thousand three hundred forty four

as per telegraphic advice from New York

Tls 2344

Montague Ede

The above is a copy of the first receipt from China for money sent by cable from 'Witness' readers. The money is all being cabled through the Dominion Express Company, who are making no charge for these messages as far as they can be sent over wires that they control. They are also interesting themselves in seeing that the highest rate of exchange is obtained for the 'Witness' Fund. The receipts, of course, come from China by mail, which accounts for the delay in receiving them here. Several instalments have been cabled, and since last report the sum of $2,500 has been sent.

The 'Witness' Fund this week passes the six thousand dollar mark. The subscriptions received exceed in number those of any week since the Fund was opened. The new crop will not be harvested for six weeks yet, so the need is still urgent, but to be effective every dollar should be sent in at once. It is not likely that any amount received at this office after June 1 will be in time to do much real good in the matter of saving the lives of famine-stricken ones.

The subscriptions of 'Witness' readers are being cabled to the Relief Committee—an entirely undenominational body—through the Rev. Mr. McGillivray, the Canadian missionary, who will see that his country gets credit for every dollar sent, and that not a cent is diverted from the purpose for which it is given.

The 'Witness' fund was started at the request of Montreal Chinamen, members of the Christian Endeavor Society, who headed the list with a generous donation. Their example has been followed by many Canadians, but there are still thousands of individuals and hundreds of societies connected with churches, and societies outside the churches to which an appeal should not be made in vain.

A little money does so much.

Ten cents a day will save a small family.

Twenty cents will save a life for a week.

One dollar will save a family of five for a week.

Five dollars will save six lives for a month.

Immediate contributions to the relief fund are invited. All sums received will be acknowledged in these columns. The following amounts are gratefully acknowledged:

Previously acknowledged	$5,247.52
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'I was hungry, and ye fed me'	5.00
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Total	$6,151.90

LESSON.—SUNDAY, JUNE 9, 1907.

The Passover.

Ex. xii., 21-30. Memory verses 26, 27. Read Exodus vii-xii.,

Golden Text.

When I see the blood I will pass over you. —Ex. xii., 13.

Home Readings.

Monday, June 3.—Ex. vii., 1-25.
Tuesday, June 4.—Ex. viii., 1-19.
Wednesday, June 5.—Ex. viii., 20—ix., 12.
Thursday, June 6.—Ex. ix., 13-35.
Friday, June 7.—Ex. x., 1-20.
Saturday, June 8.—Ex. x., 21-29; xii., 1-10.
Sunday, June 9.—Ex. xii., 11-30.

FOR THE JUNIOR CLASSES.

It will be as much as the half-hour of lesson study can hold to recall the point reached in last Sunday's lesson, and to cover the period in which Egypt was plagued, the land of Goschen, the home of the Israelites, alone being exempt, up to the culminating point in the slaying of the first-born and the institution of the Passover . It is perhaps easier to impress the plagues in their proper order on the minds of the children if they are taken in three sets of three, leaving the last and greatest to stand by itself. Of course it is important to point out the prophecy of the Passover as fulfilled in Christ.

FOR THE SENIORS.

In going over the plagues it will be seen that these punishments were not haphazard decisions, but definitely chosen for their significance in displaying the vanity of the Egyptian gods. The blood, the lice, and the flies, showed the uselessness of the Egyptian purification rites, the plagues in so many cases falling hardest on the sacred animals, and so often affecting the sacred Nile still further showed the supremacy of the Hebrew's god over the many deities of Egypt. The question of why it was that all Egypt had to suffer for the wrong-doing of their Pharaoh has often come up. There is good reason to believe, however, that the people shared in their monarch's oppression of Israel, and as to those who had become proselytes, there is all proof that they enjoyed Israel's exemption; for the rest, it is a law of nature that the innocent are bound to suffer with the guilty, and that is one more argument against sin. The greatest question that is likely to come up is that contained in Ex. x., 27, as well as in similar verses. It may be observed that in the cases of the first five plagues it is said that Pharaoh hardened his heart, and not until after that is it said, 'The Lord hardened the heart of Pharaoh.' It is one of the saddest facts of continuance in sin that there may come a time when God will let a man alone (Rev. xxii., 10, 11; Hos. iv., 17; Gen. vi., 3), and in the very act of removing from him all restraining influences and promptings to good the heart of man is hardened. Pharaoh was a hard and cruel man, as is evident in chapter five; he had gone so far in defiance to what even his own counsellors had declared the hand of God (Ex. viii., 19), and it is now as much as if God had said 'you have gone so far to exhibit your own pride and strength, now I will take down the bars and you shall show forth my glory.'

(SELECTIONS FROM TARBELL'S GUIDE.')

Verse 24. Ye shall observe this thing for an ordinance. In the feast of the passover, the flight of the Israelites, its darkness, its hurry, and confusion, was acted year by year, as in a sacred drama. Night falls; the stars come out; the bright moon is in the sky; the household gathers round, and then takes place the meal, of which every part is marked by the almost frantic haste of the first celebration, when Pharaoh's messengers were expected every instant to break in with the command, 'Get you forth from among my people.' The guests of each household at the moment of the meal rise and stand round the table. Their feet, usually bare when in the house, are shod as for a journey. Each member of the house holds a staff, as if for immediate departure; the long Eastern garments of the men are girt up, for the same reason, round their loins. The roasted lamb is torn to pieces, each snatching in his eager fingers the morsel which he might not else have time to eat. Not a fragment is left for the morning, as if it would find them gone and far away. The cakes of bread which they break and eat are tasteless for the want of leaven, as if there had been no leisure to prepare it, and finally the thanksgiving for the deliverance is always presented.—Stanley, 'Jewish Church.'

Verse 30. There was a great cry in Egypt. The moment a death occurs in a household the female members sprinkle themselves with water, and then throw dust or ashes over their persons; immediately after which they raise in concert a shrill cry or shriek which is heard over the whole neighborhood. This is often continued for an hour or more—shriek after shriek filling the air. Imagine those shrieks raised in every house of every city, village, and hamlet in the country, and then some conception may be formed of that 'great cry.'—Josiah Porter, in 'International Bible.'

Till He come. Christ swept aside the sacrifice that was made for the redemption of Israel from the captivity of Egypt, and He said, 'Forget the shadow and remember the substance; forget the sacrifice that was made of the lamb, unbroken in bone, and remember the other of Him whose body was given for you, the Lamb of God, the Passover for the sins of the world.'

'Ye do show the Lord's death till he come.' (I. Cor. xi., 26). All symbolical worship carries in itself the witness of its own cessation, and points onward to the time when it shall not be needed. It is, so to speak, a concession to sense. It is no proof of spiritual immaturity to cling to them, if only it be distinctly understood that the whole value of them lies, not in what they are, but what they signify. But still the existence of symbolical worship is a prophecy of its own cessation. It digs its own grave, as it were; and just because here we need the bread and wine to help us to remember the death, the taking of these, in compliance with that temporary necessity, itself carries our thoughts, or ought to carry them, onward to the time when, Christ Himself being present with His Church, and we sitting at His table in His Kingdom, the symbol shall be no more needed.—Alexander Maclaren.

BIBLE REFERENCES.

II. Tim. iii., 8; Psa. lxxvii., 42-52; cv., 27-38; Heb. ix., 14; xi., 28; Eph. v., 2; John I., 29; xv., 13; I. Cor. xi., 26; I. Pet. i., 18-19; I. Cor. v., 7-8.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, June 9.—Topic—How to help those younger than we are. Matt. xviii., 1-6.

Junior C. E. Topic.

GOD'S PATHS.

Monday, June 3.—The path of life. Ps. xvi., 11.

Tuesday, June 4.—The path of the just. Isa. xxvi., 7.

Wednesday, June 5.—A plain path. Ps. xxvii. 11.

Thursday, June 6.—Crooked paths. Isa. lix., 7, 8.

Friday, June 7.—'Teach me Thy paths.' Ps. xxv., 4.

Saturday, June 8.—The narrow way. Matt. vii., 13, 14.

Sunday, June 9.—Topic—Walking in God's paths. Isa. ii., 1-3.

'Prove Your Faith by Your Works.'

The Rev. A. D. Rice, Presbyterian Mission, Tsing Kiangpu, writes:

The famine-stricken district of North Kiangsu Province is estimated at forty thousand square miles. I have just returned from a two weeks' trip over a great part of this district. Half the destitution and suffering has not yet been told. . . . Not one-fifth of a year's crop was gathered. Everything was drowned out, the houses, being made of mud, have fallen down. The people are homeless and starving.

My trip extended north from Tsing Kiangpu, one hundred miles to Haichou. Over all this district, flour, rice, fuel and every necessity of life is more than double its usual price, and little to be had at any price. Haichou is a great salt depot, all the salt used in this part of the Empire comes from there. The salt is made from water taken from salt wells and evaporated on mud pans in the sun. The wells and salt pans were all submerged in fresh water for days. The result is a great salt famine. On the streets of Haichou salt usually sells for two cash for three pounds, now it is twenty-eight cash per pound.

All this section of the country is now being rapidly deserted. The lame, the blind, and the weak, are left at home, while the stronger are coming south as refugees for the winter. A conservative estimate of the number camped at Tsing Kiangpu at present is five hundred thousand, and still they come. Other cities also have these refugee camps, though the numbers are not so large. These refugees are being very systematically helped by the officials. They are getting now thirty cash (one and a-half cent), or the equivalent of a teacup of rice per day for one person. The officials cannot undertake to give them more.

I am sure that Christian hearts cannot but be moved by the sufferings of their fellow beings. Come to the help of these people that are in such distress, and prove your faith by your works.

Hints.

The superintendent should see to it that the time for class study is regular—not long today and short next time.

'All things come to him who waits,' says a lazy old motto.

Don't you believe it! A Home Department, a good class or a full school will never come until somebody gets up and hustles for it!

SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHERS and Christian Workers who know the 'Messenger,' believe it to be a powerful influence for good, and are glad to see it win an entrance into other schools. Just at this time, owing to new postal regulations, many Sunday-Schools will be making a change in their paper, and we would respectfully solicit the co-operation of our friends in introducing the 'Messenger' into many other Canadian Schools. A copy shown to a teacher in another Sunday-School, with a word as to its merits and its low price, would be doing a real service to the Sunday-School in question, and would be greatly appreciated by the publishers. Read our 'Special Offer to Sunday-Schools' on last page.

BOYS AND GIRLS

THE RED, RED WINE:

A TEMPERANCE STORY.

THE REV. J. JACKSON WRAY'S LAST STORY.

PUBLISHED BY PERMISSION OF WILLIAM BRIGGS, TORONTO.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—Continued.

As he spoke, the girl, who was very pretty, some twelve years of age, perhaps, frowned and nodded her head, as much as to affirm that whether he stopped there or not, if she had her will he should never darken the doors of home any more.

'He's killin' poor mother,' she said, 'Ah can see her sinkin' ivery day,' and here the poor lassie's anger gave way to grief, and she burst into tears.

'There's hope for your feyther, Nelly. Be patient. Help your mother, she'll get better. There's a good time comin' for you all.' What could she do but smile on the old man? Smiles are the blossoms of the Kindness Plant.

A casual inquiry elicited the information from a person whom the old man met, that Phil Lambert had been seen near his old haunt, the 'Black Swan.' Aaron Brigham followed at full speed, so anxious was he to intercept and capture his longed-for prize before he entered the open door. Aaron was a sight to see. His long and silky white hair was streaming in the morning's breeze under pressure of the pace at which he walked; and the vigorous strides, that showed how thoroughly his heart was in his errand, might well have done credit to threescore years rather than fourscore years and four.

But it was not to be. No sooner did the old man catch sight of the swinging sign, than he perceived the thirsty barber on the threshold; in another instant he was lost to view. Aaron hardly knew what to do, and felt half inclined to retrace his steps. If the liquor were already lifted to the toper's lips, farewell hope, for Phil left no heel-taps from his 'morning pint.'

But Aaron had taken in a large access of faith and courage that morning, and breathing out a new prayer to Him who had charged him with the godly errand, he pressed forward, and for the first time for many a year, found himself inside a public-house. Fortunately for the old man's purpose, Stubbs, the landlord, was in a grievous temper. His frowning brows and flashing eyes were bent upon the luckless barber, who was standing limp and helpless, and quite dumbfounded, in presence of a long, long array of chalk-marks, which represented Lambert's formidable unpaid score.

'Look here, Lambert,' said the irate landlord, 'Ah've had quite plenty o' this, an Ah's going' to put the stopper on. Nae mir brass, nae mair beer. Do yo' hear that, yo' raskil? Look at them chalk-marks standin' up one aside t' other, like a regiment of soldiers, an' ivery one on 'em says, "Stump up or stump oot!"'

'Stump oot, Phil, stump oot, my lad,' said Aaron, laying a kindly hand on the barber's shoulder, 'an' I'll stump along wit' yo'. An' if you'll tek' my advice, you'll niver stump in again. Come along!'

Lambert was wrathful, and had not Aaron Brigham been present, I think there would have been passionate fisticuffs, for the barber was pugnacious; but the old man's influence was all for peace, and his hand was permitted to rest upon the half-lifted arm. Lambert looked at him steadily, silently, reverently. He looked on Stubbs, and read in his grey eyes nothing but anger and contempt. He drew himself up to his full height, and said, with an emphatic nod, 'Good-bye, Nat Stubbs. Ah'll darken your doors nae mair.'

Without another word he followed Aaron into the street. What a change had come across the man's features! Resolve was graven in every wrinkle; it seemed to weld his lips together, and burn in either eye. When they reached the middle of the street, he stood looking at the swinging sign. For more than twenty years he had carried all his hard earnings to the nest of that evil bird, and now the bare-faced Boniface, whom he had enriched, had—well, the fact is, Phil Lambert had received a revelation. He looked at the bird of evil omen bedizened with its chain of gold; he took off his hat to it; he bent his head almost to the ground in low obeisance, and then as silently turned away.

'The last time, Phil?' inquired old Aaron, fairly trembling with anxiety.

'And the last glass, Aaron, so help me, God! That's my vow, old man, an' that's my prayer!'

'Amen!' shouted Aaron, loud enough for all the street to hear; and rubbing his hands together with glad excitement. Aaron was a happy man that morning. Whether he was in the body or out of it, he scarce could tell.

'Do you knoa,' continued Aaron Brigham, 'that I was comin' to the "Black Swan" for you. The Lord sent me jist at t' proper tahme.'

'For me?' said Phil. 'An' what for?' He had no words to spare that morning; he was bent on deeds.

'I want yo' to help me to secure George Caffer, Phil Lambert. George hez made up his mind to turn teetotal, an' if I can get you to give your owd crony a lift i' t' right direction, yo' can do for him what nobody else can. What Caffer needs is not so much good resolution as backbone. If you'll say no for him, he'll say it for hisself.'

'All right,' said Phil, 'Ah can say no for both on us.' And he did!

Before taking his usual mid-morning walk to see his sweetheart, Aaron went home to Lily Lodge, to make his observations there. Caffer had made a start, and the scouring and cleaning process had begun. The painter was enjoying a cup of coffee, prepared for him by the hands of Esther Harland, and his face was more calm and tranquil than it had been for many a day.

Caffer gave the old man a comforting assurance that he was 'all right, an' meant to keep so;' and when he was told of Lambert's quarrel with Landlord Stubbs, he expressed his strong intention to 'keep the two away from each other.' 'No more "Black Swan" for me and Phil, Aaron,' said Caffer. 'I'll see to that.'

In this way the charm was working. As the old man passed the barber's shop, on his way to Kitty's, Phil was in his shirt-sleeves, busily cleaning the bow-windows, a process which brought out the shopkeepers of the market-place to exchange nods and looks and whispers of surprise. Just three words did the barber say as he suspended operations while Aaron passed, but that was all the good old man cared to hear.

'Niver nae mair!' said he; and Aaron bounded by the little parlor window like a schoolboy, and thought of Susie, and the brighter page in her sad life history begun that day.

Lawyer Everett was crossing the street to that cobwebby den of his he called his office.

'Morning, Aaron,' said he, accosting the old man. 'You look absurdly happy this morning. One would think that it was you who had been married to-day. What's up?'

'Married? Nay; but I've been meddlin' in a couple o' cases o' divorce,' said Aaron, with quite a ripple of pleasant laughter, an' that's something mair i' your line, isn't it, Lawyer Everett?'

'What do you mean?' said the solicitor, who possibly thought a client was in sight, 'who's tired of bondage now?'

'Why, George Caffer an' Phil Lambert hev said good-bye to the "Black Swan," an' I've been witness to a deed o' separation. If yo' can get me a job o' t' same sort, at t' "Griffin Inn," yo' can mak' me happier still, an' for auld acquaintance sake, I'll do it for nowt.'

From all this it will be seen that the old patriarch was quite a man of war that morning, that the smell of battle was on him, and that he was ready to do exploits!

CHAPTER XXIX.

I think it likely enough that during his long life Aaron Brigham had never walked the streets of Netherborough with a lighter heart than on that crisp and golden autumn morning, when his steps were directed to the reformed and happy home of his 'lahtle lassie;' when Painter Caffer and Barber Lambert had become the captives of his good sword, and while yet the chimes of Walter Bardsley's wedding-bells were making music in his ear.

There was quite a wealth of tenderness in the old man's tone as he accosted his little sweetheart. It seemed to him as though his soul had received an access of loving-kindness and goodwill to all and sundry, and as if he must go forth on an extended mission as the knight-errant of Christ Jesus. That kind of thing grows by what it feeds on, and the grand old saint dearly felt like getting half Netherborough in his beneficent embrace.

(To be Continued.)

A WORD IN SEASON.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS:—

You like the 'Messenger.' It is a welcome visitor in your home each week. Would you not like to extend its sphere of usefulness?—to have others know it, and appreciate it, as you do? You can speak a 'word in season' that will help much more than you realize to bring this about.

All around you there are Sunday Schools that through various influences have been importing foreign papers from the United States, but now, with the excess postage to pay under the new postal law, beginning May 8, they will be compelled to make a change. Will you not tell one such school at least how much you like the 'Messenger'? Tell them how cheap it is, HALF RATE TO SUNDAY SCHOOLS, or a good deal less than half a cent a copy; tell them how suitable all round it is for the various classes and ages in the school and the homes there represented.

Tell them that to test the 'Messenger' in the whole school for three consecutive Sundays, they need only send us a postcard giving the number of copies required. We cheerfully do the rest, and the trial will not cost them one cent, even if they decide not to take the paper. We gladly take the risk of the order following, our experience proving that the 'Messenger' wins its own way, once really known.

Will you not speak this 'Word in Season' for the 'Messenger,' and will you not speak it NOW?

Your Friends,
THE PUBLISHERS.

What Have We Done To-day?

We shall do much in the years to come,
But what have we done to-day?
We shall give our gold in a princely sum.
But what did we give to-day?
We shall lift the heart and dry the tear,
We shall plant a hope in the place of fear,
We shall speak the words of love and cheer,
But what did we speak to-day?

We shall be so kind in the after while,
But what have we been to-day?
We shall bring to each life a lovely smile,
But what have we brought to-day?
We shall give to truth a grander birth
And to steadfast faith a deeper worth,
We shall feed the hungering souls of earth;
But whom have we fed to-day?

We shall reap such joys in the bye and bye,
But what have we sown to-day?
We shall build us mansions in the sky,
But what have we built to-day?
'Tis sweet in idle dreams to bask,
But here and now, do we our task?
Yes, this is the thing our souls must ask,
'What have we done to-day?'

'Suffer Little Children to Come Unto Me.'

A Story From India.

Outside the door of a Sunday school for English children, in the province of Madras, hung a large placard. On it was printed, in ornamental letters of different colors, the text which I have put as the title of my story.

A little Madrassi boy, whose father was a worshipper of one of the heathen gods, was passing by this door one day, when he was attracted by the picture. Unable to read English, he stood and stared at it in wonderment, feeling perhaps that he would like to steal the placard and take it to the bazaar, where he might be able to sell it and buy himself some rich Indian sweets.

As he stood thus, a little English girl of about eleven years of age came up to the door. She was a wise little maiden, and she had, too, a warm love in her heart for the Lord Jesus Christ. She did not laugh at the poor boy because he looked with such astonishment at the golden letters, but she kindly asked him, in Hindustani, what it was that interested him,

Pointing to the placard, he replied, 'It is this. What is it, little lady?'

She told him that it was a writing in English; and, further, that it was a message from the great God Himself inviting all little children to come to Him.

Wide-eyed with wonder, he listened to the little girl's story of Jesus; and at the end of it he asked her, eagerly, 'Could not I come also?'

'Yes,' she said; 'come now.'

He put his hand confidingly in hers and walked into the Sunday school.

Making room for him beside her own place in class, she went up to her teacher, and begged that, instead of the ordinary teaching, she would tell to their little visitor the story of Christ's loving invitation to all little children.

The teacher readily consented, and began to speak to the little fellow in his own language, and in a simple, interesting way.

Eagerly he listened, with his big, wondering eyes, fixed on the teacher; and though he was in rags and very dirty, that dear little English girl sat by holding his hand, and putting in now and then a few simple words of her own, in case he did not quite understand.

The eyes of the whole class were, of course, fixed on him, but he was too intent for this to trouble him. Then the teacher offered a short prayer in Hindustani, that the little stranger might become one of the lambs of Christ's flock. As she did this, the little girl held his hand more tightly. When all was over, the teacher gave him a copy of the beautiful text which had attracted him so much.

On the following Sunday he came again; the class was conducted in Hindustani; and he listened even more eagerly. The next Sunday he brought a little brother and sister with him, and the whole story of 'Suffer little children' was repeated so that they too might hear.

On the fourth Sunday the three children arrived half an hour before the time, accompanied by their father, who was one of the most bigoted Hindus in the province.

Well, to make a long story short, I am glad to tell you that the whole family to which this little boy belonged became Christians. This, however, led to their being deserted by all their friends and relations; the man could get no work, and, from being a fairly well-to-do man, he was brought down almost to starvation.

But God raised up good and kind friends for this poor Hindu who had braved all this trouble and loss to become a Christian. Work was found for him, and at the time when last I heard about them, he and his children were being well looked after.—'Child's Own Magazine.'

Ten Things to Remember.

1. Remember that everything that is alive can feel. Sometimes there are too many insects, and they have to be killed. When they must die, kill them as quickly and mercifully as you can.

2. Remember that cruelty grows like other sins if not checked.

3. Remember that to take pleasure in seeing animals hurt or killed shows something terribly wrong in our nature.

4. Remember your pets—if you keep any—and see that they do not starve while you live in plenty.

5. Remember that cats and dogs want fresh water always where they can get at it.

6. Boys who drive donkeys or horses should remember that they must go slowly when they have loads to drag, and that the poor animals are made of flesh and blood. Blows will make them weak and less able to work. Angry words frighten and wear them out. Use the whip as little as possible, and encourage them with kind words.

7. When you feel inclined to throw stones at living creatures, stop and think: 'How should I like to be bruised, and to get my bones broken "just for fun?"' The boy who hurts or teases small, weak animals, robs nests, or gives pain to gentle creatures is a coward.

8. Remember that the girl who wears feathers in her hat, taken from a bird killed on purpose, is doing a cruel thing.

9. Remember that, though animals cannot talk like men, they can understand much that we say. Learn to govern them by kind words instead of blows.

10. 'Remember that every kind deed we do, and every kind word we say makes us better than we were before.—'Youth's Companion.'

Hans Christian Andersen, the Poor Poet.

(Concluded.)

Hans implored his mother to let him go off to Copenhagen to try his fortune.

So Madame Andersen let the boy of fourteen start off alone. 'He will soon come back when he sees that he must cross the wide sea,' she said. 'I only let him go because he worried me to death.' At the city gate his grandmother waited, broken-hearted, for a last good-bye. She did not long survive the departure of her loved Hans.

The Great Belt is not a wide piece of sea, but Hans landed in Zealand feeling utterly forlorn and miserable after a stormy voyage. Falling on his knees in a lonely spot, he implored the blessing of God on his entrance into the great world. A kind-hearted mail-coachman let him travel for nothing to the gate of Copenhagen, and thus on a September day in 1819 he arrived, got a lodging in a humble inn, and went off to seek for employment. He asked the manager of the theatre for an actor's post.

'You are too thin,' was the answer.

'Ensure me a salary of a hundred dollars, sir, and I will soon grow fat!'

'We take none but people of education, here,' said the great man, and he, too, dismissed the shabby lad, little guessing that ten years later his play would be loudly applauded, and he himself address his countrymen in that very theatre for the first time.

Poor Hans turned sadly away. He had no friend in the great city; but one Friend knew all his troubles, and to Him he lifted up his sad heart. He had often read in his books that when things seem darkest, just at that time help is sent. So he cheered himself up, and that evening he went to the theatre to see 'Paul and Virginia.' The story affected him so much that he sobbed loudly. Some people asked what ailed him; he told them he loved the theatre as Paul loved Virginia in the play. He poured out all his heart, but the people only stared at him in surprise.

His money melted away; he had but one dollar left. He would not go home, but apprenticed himself to a joiner. But here he was tormented as at the factory in Odensee, and Hans had to leave the joiner's workshop.

Again, penniless and friendless, he walked the streets. Suddenly a thought struck him. He had made no use of his beautiful voice. He went straight off to the house of Professor Siboni, head of the Conservatoire, or Academy of Music. A composer named Weyse, and a poet, Baggesen, both famous men, with a large party, were at dinner. Hans told all his story to a young girl who opened the door, and this kind-hearted housemaid repeated it to her master. Hans was brought in and made to sing, and to recite from Holberg. Coming to a passage which reminded him of his own troubles he broke down, and fairly sobbed aloud. But he was applauded.

The poet prophesied a great future for him. 'Don't be vain when they applaud you hereafter,' said he.

The composer made a collection for him. Professor Siboni took him in and taught him singing for six months. Then his voice cracked. The Professor advised him to go home and take to a trade; but another friend took him up, the poet Guldberg, whose brother had been kind to Hans in Odensee. He gave Hans lessons in Danish and German, and engaged an actor to teach him his art. Presently he wrote a tragedy in verse, which pleased some literary men who saw it. But it was not performed, nor was he able to get an engagement as an actor. He wrote three more plays, but also without success, and he was scarcely able to earn a living.

These days were indeed dark with care and disappointment. At last the dawn came for Hans Andersen. A new manager took the theatre; he saw that there was something in the youth, and obtained leave from the King to send him to a school. At seventeen, Hans had to sit among boys of ten and learn the beginnings of Greek, Latin, and mathematics, so backward was he. The rector of the college was not a man of discernment. He treated Hans most cruelly, scoffed at his backwardness, and encouraged the boys to make him a laughing-stock. After two years one of the masters went to Copenhagen and reported this to Councillor Collin, who immediately took Hans away, sent him to a private tutor, and made him always welcome in his own house.

At three-and-twenty, Andersen's first work appeared. It was a witty little book about Copenhagen, and met with a great success, three editions being quickly sold. The author came at once into notice. He next produced a volume of books, which also were most successful. But in this book appeared the harm that had been done by the constant ridicule to which he had been exposed. Some of the

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poems were parodies of the others, and he tried to be sarcastic, making fun of all the sentiment his early poetry had expressed. He was very poor, and almost entirely dependent on his friends for a living. However, these were not lacking, and among them he even counted highest his benefactor Counsellor Collin and his son Edward. The latter, indeed, was more than a friend, and often helped the easy-going poet with his business difficulties. Andersen, in his 'Story of My Life' returns thanks to God for having raised up for him so many kind friends, and it is noticeable how constantly he turned to God in every trouble and joy from the time when, as a little sensitive factory boy suffering from the unkind jests of his companions he found his greatest comfort from prayer to God in the beautiful woods, through the years when as a yet painfully sensitive young student, the least blame would depress him with a sense of his own unworthiness, up to the days when, as an honored old man he remembered the dark days of his childhood and rendered God his heartfelt gratitude for all the wonderful mercy that had filled his life.

At this time in his life some friends who were sorry to see his depression persuaded him to secure one of the government grants given for poet's travelling expenses. He applied and was successful. This, although not a large sum, enabled him to travel, and, going to Paris, he was cordially welcomed by the poet Heine and Victor Hugo. Although only a young man, his works had become known and well received in France, indeed, it was only in his own country that he had to encounter opposition. Wherever he travelled he was given a kindly reception, and the children, in particular, made him their friend. He always had a love for the little folks, and they would eagerly crowd about him listening to some of the quaint tales that so readily fell from his lips. He was very much amused at the children of a family where he lived for some time, in order to learn French. Since they could not make him understand, they imagined he must be deaf, and would climb on his knee to shout in his ear. However, although he could not tell them tales, he was so dearly loved here that the people would not allow him to pay anything for his board.

When he was twenty-eight years old he went to Italy for the first time, and while in Rome he heard of his mother's death. This made him very sad, for he was now quite alone in the world. He had never had any brother, or sister, the strange sad father with whom he would go for long and silent walks was dead long ago, and the old grandmother who loved Hans dearly, but had yet thought it would be better for him to die, had gone herself while he was at school. In Rome, however, he met Thorwaldsen, the great Danish sculptor, who cheered him greatly with his sympathy, and the friendship that remained a life-long happiness to them both. Andersen also was kindly received by other Italian authors, but on his return home he felt again the coldness of unkindly criticism. Even some of his warmest friends seemed ready to forsake him, to say it was impossible for him to even be a great man, and it was quite a long time after the publication of his book, 'Improvisatore,' before he felt any turn in the feeling against him. He published other books, and people began to think that after all they might have been mistaken. He visited Sweden about this time, and thought its lovely fjords and wooded haunts were just exquisite homes for fairies. When he returned home to Denmark, this time, he was honored by his King, Frederick VI., who gave him a pension of something like $200.00 yearly. This made matters much easier, as he was not now dependent entirely on his writings, and he was able to go travelling again. While in Paris this time he met the elder Dumas, the great French novelist, and a great many other people of world-wide fame who received him and made him feel he was one of themselves. One little thing that greatly pleased Andersen, he tells about in his autobiography. A lady had been so greatly touched by his story of 'Only a Fiddler,' that she had determined never to let anyone suffer as the fiddler did if she could help it. Two poor boys who came under her notice were helped by her, and given a chance to use the musical ability they possessed. This rejoiced Andersen, for he saw that not only were his books read and enjoyed, but that they were doing good in the world. It was about this time that he writes: 'How bright and beautiful is the world! How good are human beings! That it is a pleasure to live becomes ever more and more clear to me.'

When he was thirty-nine he was further honored by being invited to visit King Christian VIII. and the Queen at Foehr. The whole royal party travelled about the group of islands of which Foehr was one, and Andersen was greatly impressed by the love which the people expressed for their sovereign. On one little island called Oland, the people, who lived in houses built on raised platforms because the water so frequently flooded the land, had built a triumphal arch of flowers which was, however, too small for anyone to go through, and the party had to go round it!

The King, to show his appreciation of Andersen's work, had increased his yearly stipend, and now there was no need to worry about money matters, for although he was not rich by any means, he had enough to live on comfortably. He did return for a day to the little town where he was born, but it made him very sad. No one knew him, old houses were gone as well as old friends, he could not even find his mother's and father's graves, and he was glad to go away from it speedily. It was after this visit that he wrote the story of 'The Little Matchgirl' that has touched with smypathy so many hearts, and perhaps we can see in the picture of the dead grandmother, whom the poor little girl so dearly loved, the memory of his own grandmother who had thought so much of her only grandchild, little Hans.

In his further travels, stopping here or there with warm friends, he tells one story of the little son of one friend, who wept bitterly when the kind teller of fairy tales had to leave. Little Eric had two tin soldiers, and knowing how deeply Andersen could appreciate the worth of such a staunch friend (for who has not read the story of 'The Tin Soldier'!) he made him a present of one at parting. Andersen was very pleased to have the little tin man and took him travelling with him.

There is one more little story that is worth telling before this short account closes, and it really must not be left out, for we see in it how much Andersen really loved the customs and ways of his dear northland home. One Christmas he was spending in the busy city of Berlin, where he had so many friends that each thought the other would be sure to ask him to spend the happy season with them, and so it came about that nobody asked him at all. Andersen, whose love for the Christmas festivities shows in so many of his pretty stories, sat alone in his room on Christmas eve, and looked out of the window at the stars. 'There,' said he, 'are the candles that God has lit for me, and this shall be my Christmas tree, for God never forgets me.'

'SHE LET THE BOY OF FOURTEEN START OFF ALONE.'

However, Jenny Lind, the beautiful singer, who also loved and remembered a Northland home, heard that no one had decorated a tree for the gentle poet with whom she had so true a friendship, and she sent for him to spend Christmas with her. There he found she had prepared a tree especially for him, and the lover of fairies, the world-famed gentle singer called the Swedish Nightingale, and another friend from the north, sat and talked of the old homes, old ways, and the ever new and wonderful love of God.

Hans Christian Andersen never grew old, for although he grew to the age of seventy he always carried about with him the heart of a child, always found loving friends, and felt the deepest confidence in his heavenly Father's care. He lived to see himself honored and loved in his country, where the poor little peasant lad had been laughed at, the dreamy young student neglected, and his early efforts attacked with the most bitter criticism.

Building a Town With Blood.

Woe unto them which justify the wicked for a reward.'—Isa. v., 23. 'Woe unto him that buildeth a town with blood, and establisheth a city with iniquity.'—Hab. ii., 12. Does not the man who votes to license the saloon because of the liquor revenue 'justify the wicked for a reward?' Is not the city or town which licenses the saloons to get money to build its streets, establish its schools, etc., 'building a town with blood,' and 'establishing a city with iniquity?' Woe unto all such; they shall not prosper, for God is against them. They will lose more than they gain.

Solo and Chorus.

Tune: 'When the Mists Have Rolled Away.

Fight on, comrades, don't give over,
For I'm sure we're gaining ground;
In the ranks of our blest army
Some once drunkards now are found,
Don't grow weary or faint-hearted,
Keep on fighting every day,
Till the bars are closed forever,
And the Drink is swept away.

Chorus.

Swept away! oh, swept away!
When the Drink is swept away,
Ther'll be work for everybody,
And we'll get better pay,
When the bars are closed forever,
And the Drink is swept away.

All the little hungry children
Will have quite enough to eat;
No more shoeless little 'nippers'
Will be found upon our streets;
And the poor degraded drunkard
Will be sober every day
When the bars are closed for ever,
And the Drink is swept away.

All our taxes will be lessened,
And our police have less to do;
All our gaols will nigh be empty,
And every poorhouse too.
Every trade will then be busy,
Every man will pay his way,
When the bars are closed for ever,
And the Drink is swept away.

Truth and righteousness will flourish,
And the cause of Christ increase,
For instead of homes of sorrow,
There'll be homes of joy and peace,
And our nation will get better,
And grow richer every day,
When the bars are closed for ever,
And the Drink is swept away.

—'Zion's Watchman.'

Temperance Notes.

Secretary Fredericks, of the Kokomo (Ind.) Steel and Iron Company, in the Indianapolis 'News,' declared that the saloons near their factory cost their company $75,000 a year, 'if not more.' 'Let us have a law,' he declared, 'prohibiting under the severest penalty a saloon in the factory districts.' And as representative of hundreds of other towns everywhere, the 'News' correspondent concludes with this statement: 'Kokomo has thirty saloons that pay $7,500 into the city treasury annually. The manufacturing interests of Kokomo are damaged more than $75,000 every year by the saloon interests.'

The crusade against tobacco as well as liquor is spreading. The Syracuse University distributes yearly about a thousand scholarships, but Chancellor Day has announced that none of these scholarships will be given to students who use tobacco or attend theatres. He declares that, 'Young men who can afford to pay for needless luxuries and indulgences can afford to pay for their tuition.' He concludes by making this pertinent statement, 'The man who uses tabacco is a fool, at least in this particular. He ought to take better care of his nerves and make a cleaner exhibit of himself.'

St. Louis, Kansas City, and the other cities of Missouri have abolished the Sunday saloon traffic, with notable results. In St. Louis the police court figures show a decrease of 71 per cent. in cases of Sunday drunkenness, and 55 per cent. decrease in the total number of Sunday arrests. Chief of Police Hayes, of Kansas City, declared that the chief results of the first year of Sunday prohibition were a decrease of 80 per cent. in arrests for drunkenness and 75 per cent. decrease in total number of Sunday arrests. In Omaha, Indianapolis, Louisville, Columbus, Pittsburg, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Rochester, Boston and many other cities similar results have been obtained.

'For thirty-five years I have been priest and bishop in London, and now I approach my eightieth year, and have learned some lessons, and the fact is this—the chief bar to the workings of the Holy Spirit of God in the souls of men and women is intoxicating liquor. I know of no antagonist to the Good Spirit more direct, more subtle, more stealthy, more ubiquitous, than intoxicating drink.' These are the words of Cardinal Manning and they are the experience of every soul-winner who has touched the life of our great cities. Paul's antithesis was a fair one: 'Be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess, but be filled with the Spirit.' Drunkenness and spirituality do not go well together.

Sir William Gull, M.D., is credited with the following significant utterance: 'A very large number of people in society are dying day by day, poisoned by alcoholic drinks without knowing it, without being supposed to be poisoned by them. I hardly know any more powerful source of disease than alcoholic drinks. I do not think it is known, but I know alcohol to be a most destructive poison. I say from my experience, that it is the most destructive agent that we are aware of in this country.'

Religious Notes.

In Saxony, Germany, last year, 5,171 Roman Catholics became Lutherans, while only 250 Lutherans became Roman Catholics.

In a number of strong Protestant cantons of Switzerland the separation of Church and State is being vigorously agitated, owing largely to the aggressiveness of the Roman Catholic party.

The United Norwegian Lutheran Church in America has elected the Rev. P. C. Halvorsen, president of the Theological Seminary in St. Dauphin, Madagascar. The United Synod raised $40,000 for the work on this island in 1905.

Another evidence of the influence of medical missions in extending the sway of Christ is given by Dr. M. D. Enbank, of Hunchow, in the 'Baptist Missionary Magazine.' He says: One day there came to our hospital a little boy nearly thirteen years old with a cut on his arm—not a severe wound at first, but it had been neglected and had become infected. This little fellow was in a bad condition, but in a few days he was much improved, and went home well. To this boy and his grandfather the cure was wonderful, for the Chinese doctors know but little about the treatment of such cases. Not many days later the boy was back at the hospital door with a number of his neighbors. He had told his story and now they had come to see the foreign doctor. Among them there was one poor woman who was suffering from ulcers on her arm, and also from some internal disease. She was full of fear, superstition, prejudice and darkness. She was afraid to let the foreigner touch her lest her eyes or heart go from her. The first day we simply rubbed some harmless ointment on her arm, and turned her loose in the hospital for the patients to tell her the story and take her fear of the 'foreign devil' from her. They did the work well, and in a few days this poor deluded countrywoman and the foreign doctor were on good terms. She got well, and went back to her village to tell the story of her experience to her curious fellow villagers.

Now from this village from which these patients came there has come on three different occasions a deputation to ask me hto come to their place and open a dispensary. Will it not be easier to preach in that village now than it would have been before? Have not these people a different idea of our mission in China?

Not long since the Presbyterian Home Mission Board sent out an appeal for $12,000 to built a church in San Juan, Porto Rico. On a recent Sabbath, the Rev. J. Ross Stevenson, of the Fifth Avenue Church, New York City, appealed to his people in behalf of this case with such good effect that $18,000 was at once sent in, of which $12,000 came from one person, who is to build the church alone.

One of the most successful of the Japanese workers connected with the Baptist Mission was until recently a Buddhist priest. One of the representatives of that mission was asking him, not long ago, how he became a Christian, and the reply was that he happened one day to go into the church in Kobe and heard Doctor DeForest preach. Doctor DeForest told the story of Horace Pitkin's death in the Boxer massacre at Paoting-fu, and this man was so deeply moved by it that he studied into Christianity and became a Christian and an evangelist.—The Rev. D. W. Learned, Tokio.

The 'Bible in the World' has this interesting note as to favors shown by the Japanese authorities toward its work in Manchuria:

For many years the Bible Society has enjoyed the privilege of free passes for its agents and books over all the lines of the Russian Empire, the same favors being extended to it over the railways in Manchuria. This recently became known to the Japanese authorities, who at once (according to the 'Times' correspondent) generously granted the same advantages, so that the Society should not suffer through the change. The Society has also received donations from Japanese individuals (one heading the list with 500 yen—£50), who have joined with Europeans and Chinese in raising over $2,000 toward the building of the new international Bible depot for Manchuria at Niuchwang.

Acknowledgments

LABRADOR FUND.

Received for the maintenance of the launch: In His Name, Bowmanville, $20.00; Helen J. Kime, Bannister, Mich., $5.00; H. J. Mair, Elsinor, Ont., $1.00; J. A. McArthur, Martintown, $1.00; E. B. Hope, Westerly, R.I., $5.00; Pat., Dalhousie Junct., $5.00; Mrs. E. W. Hammond, Fairbury, Neb., 50c.; Mrs. D. C. McKay, Walkerton, Ont., $1.00; Mrs. Geo. Parks, Cooper, Ont., $3.00; Total $41.50

Received for the cots: A Friend, Chalf River, $1.00; A Reader of the 'Northern Messenger,' $1.00; J. Newton Archibald, Lucknow, Ont., 50c.; Total $2.50

Received for the komatik: Harvey Woolner, Clachan, Ont., $1.00; From S.S., per Mr. Day, $1.00; W. E. James, Brampton, Ont., 50c.; J. Newton Archibald, Lucknow, Ont., $1.25; Total $3.75

Previously acknowledged for the launch..	$344.37
Previously acknowledged for the cots	22.00
Previously acknowledged for the komatik..	31.25
Total received up to May 15 ..	$445.37

Address all subscriptions for Dr. Grenfell's work to 'Witness' Labrador Fund, John Dougall and Son, 'Witness' Office, Montreal, indicating with the gift whether it is for launch, komatik, or cots.

LITTLE FOLKS

What Ted Remembered.

Teddy was out in the backyard playing with Johnny Gibbs. They were playing steamboat, and had just had such a dreadful disaster when mamma came to the door.

'I want you to go down street for me, Teddy,' she said. 'I must have some baking-powder and vanilla before I can finish my baking.'

'But I'm all smashed up, mamma,' answered Teddy, from under a pile of rubbish. They'll pull me out 'fore long, and find out if I'm killed or not. If I ain't p'raps I can go bime-by.'

Mamma laughed. 'I don't see how I can wait, my son. Judging from appearances I do not think you are killed, and I can join the rescuing party and help you out. I want my baking-powder as soon as possible.'

Ted crawled slowly out. 'I wish things could be made without things,' he said rather vaguely. 'Or else I wish papa would keep a store himself right here at home, then I wouldn't always have to stop right in the most interesting place. Could'nt you anyhow get along without 'em?'

'No, my dear, but if you go right along quickly you will soon be back. As a general rule I want my little boy to do errands for me because he loves me, but since you were in such a critical condition I will give you two pennies to spend. Now don't forget, Teddy, baking-powder and vanilla. Say it over five times to be sure.'

'Bakin'-powder and verniller—I won't forget—see if I do—bakin'-powder and verniller, do you care what kind of candy I get?'

'No, just what you like, if it comes within your means. What is it you are to get for me?'

'Bakin'-powder and verniller—won't forget, never.'

'Perhaps not, but say it over to yourself on the way, and go as quickly as you can.'

Down the road ran Ted. 'Bakin'-powder—I'll get a candy cigar—verniller—and p'raps a chocolate mouse. Bakin'-powder,—I don't know but I'd ruther have just taffy, it takes longer to eat it, 'couse it sticks to your teeth. What was that other thing mamma wanted? I should like a whole pound of candy once. Oh, dear! I can't remember what that other thing was, an' I kept saying it like everything! Well, if I get one maybe she can get along without the other. I'll ask Mr. Clark what he supposes it was, maybe he will remember for me. I most think I won't get the cigar, after all. I'd have more

TEDDY.

fun, I guess, if it was all one kind. When you can't have much of a thing you just git goin' and it's gone. I'm goin' to get all taffy.' Having settled the momentous question in his mind Ted flew over the ground.

'I want—two cents worth of taffy,' he said rather breathlessly as he bounded into the store.

'All right,' answered Mr. Clark, pleasantly. 'Anything else?'

Ted's face grew blank. 'Y—es, sir—my mother she wants—why, she wants—something. I kept saying it over and over and I don't anyway see how I forgot. It was something to bake with.'

'Sugar, spices, extracts, soda?' questioned Mr. Clark, but Ted shook his head.

'I think you had better run right back and find out. Shall I keep your candy for you until you come back?'

'No, sir, thank you, I think it will kind of—encourage me to have it with me.'

'All right,' said Mr. Clark, laughing.

So Ted trudged back home, and somehow it seemed much longer to him this time, in spite of his encouragement.

'Hurry,' called mamma from the door. 'I am waiting for the baking-powder.'

'There!' exclaimed Ted, 'I knew, I knew what 'twas, only you see I I couldn't think, and Mr. Clark couldn't either. I said it over lots of times, and what was the other?'

'Oh, Teddy Arnold, you did not go and forget both, did you?'

'Why, no, I don't think I really forgot 'em; I remembered the candy, but somehow I couldn't think what the names of the other two things were.'

'Oh,' said mamma, in a funny tone, 'I see—a distinction, without any difference, wasn't it? Well, now you go right back and I will keep your candy for you. If you do not remember this time you can not have it at all. Baking-powder and vanilla.'

And now, wasn't it funny, Ted remembered this time without the least trouble?

'Hereafter,' said mamma, 'I will not pay you until you get home, I think.'—'S.S. Messenger.'

Does Your Subscription Expire This Month?

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is June, it is time that renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance. When renewing, why not take advantage of the fine clubbing offers announced elsewhere in this issue?

A Visit to Lazy-man's Land.

(By Fay Stuart, in the 'Sunday School Times.')

'I don't feel like going to school this morning; my head rather aches, and I guess it is going to be a hot day. Can't I stay at home to-day, mama?' asked Willie Kingsley in a fretful voice that was almost a whine.

His mother looked at him with a grave face. 'Your headaches must be cured, Willie,' she replied. 'Of course you need not study if you are sick. I will give you some medicine and you must lie down until noon; perhaps you can go to school, then.'

Willie swallowed the bitter medicine with a wry face. He wanted to go out in the grape-vine arbor and swing in the hammock, but mama was firm.

'You will rest better upon the couch, and there is plenty of fresh air with the windows open.'

Willie lay quite still until the clock struck nine and the last scholar had hurried by. Then he began to be restless. It looked very pleasant out of doors; he wondered if his toy boat was safely fastened upon the pond where he had left it. 'Perhaps that Jim West may have untied it,' he thought, uneasily. At ten minutes past nine, he arose and went out into the kitchen.

'My head feels better, mama. Would it hurt me just to walk to the pond and see about my boat? It is shady there, you know.'

His mother shook her head. 'You must keep perfectly still, William,' she said. When mama said 'William,' he knew that it was of no use to argue, so he took the last magazine and threw himself down upon the couch.

'Why, Willie, that is the very worst thing that you could do!' exclaimed mama, coming in just as he was reading an interesting story.

'Oh, mama, please let me just finish this one,' he pleaded. 'I want to know how it comes out.' But mama pulled down the curtains and carried away the magazine without a word.

By-and-by his eyes grew sleepy. He winked and blinked, but it was hard work to keep them open. A surprising thing happened, however, and he grew so interested that he forgot that he was going to take a nap. Mama's desk was open, and among the blotters and pens stood a blue glass ink bottle. All at once, the lid flew up and a little man in a dull gray uniform hopped out and ran briskly over to the couch.

'Come, come, you sleepy boy!' cried the dwarf, 'this is no fun! There are no schools where I live, and we do just as we please all day long. Come with me.'

'But mother would scold,' answered Willie, rising slowly. 'I'd like to go, for it must be a jolly place.'

'Your mother wouldn't care,' said the little man who was standing at the window getting ready to jump to the ground. His voice sounded so sure that Willie was convinced; so he followed him out the window, through the apple orchard, and past the meadow. His little boat was tied at the wharf, but he only had time to glance at it, for the tiny gray man went surprisingly fast.

In the grove, he stopped and waited for Willie to overtake him and catch his breath. Pushing away the pine-needles from an old stump, he entered a gateway that was covered with ferns and moss. Willie crept in on his hands and knees and caught a glimpse of what seemed like a great picnic.

The little man was in no hurry now, but sauntered along, gathering checkerberries and bright flowers that grew along the wayside, and chatting with the other little gray men who were standing idly about and playing games of leap-frog or hide-and-seek among the trees.

'Where are we going?' asked Willie. 'I never saw this path before.'

'I'll tell you all about it,' said the queer little man, grinning broadly. 'This is Lazy-man's Land. The people that live here do not believe in work. We just wish to have a good time, and we manage to most always. It is so warm here that we can sleep in those hammocks that you see in the trees. We don't cut any wood nor bring any water. If we want a drink we just dip a handful out of the brook. I knew it was just the right place for you. Aren't you glad that I invited you to come here?'

'I guess so,' answered Willie, doubtfully. 'At any rate, I'm tired of running errands and going to school. It will be fun to do just as I please all of the time.'

'Oh, I forgot to tell you that when one first comes he has to wait on the three giants that own the land.'

'What!' cried Willie, looking frightened. 'Did you say giants?'

'Why, yes. They live in Castle Indolence; you can see the tower through the trees. Their names are Pleasure, Procrastination, and Selfishness. You must serve them for a year, and then you will have a chance, as I did, to go and find some discontented boy to take your place. After that you won't have any more work to do.'

'And must I wear an old, gray uniform like all the rest?'

'Oh, yes. We must hurry on to the Castle, for the giants will not like your blue suit. This gray is such a dirty color that it doesn't show dust or mud.'

'But won't your mother wash it when it gets dirty?'

'Mother!' the dwarf opened his shiny eyes in surprise. 'What a joke! You don't expect to find mothers in Lazy-man's Land, do you?' he cried.

'Oh, oh!' whimpered Willie. 'I want to go home. I am afraid of the old giants.'

'They'll make you as little as I am,' promised the dwarf.

'I won't be made little! I won't! I won't! I won't!' howled Willie.

'Ha! ha!' chuckled the little man. 'I reckon you don't know the way home. And just think, after this year you can do nothing forever and ever! That is what I am going to do,' and he danced a merry jig on the green moss.

'I don't want to do nothing. Probably it would be stupid. I'm going home this minute.'

'Oh no, my boy, you're going to stay,' laughed the dwarf. Then he gave a shrill whistle, and immediately there arose such a swarm of gray-coated dwarfs that Willie thought of the time when he had knocked down a hornet's nest.

He ran with all his might, eager to escape from Lazy-man's Land. The little dwarfs were close behind, armed with pine-needle swords. Just as he had almost reached the old stump, he tripped over the root of a tree and fell flat on his face with a loud cry.

Mama found him sitting upon the rug rubbing his eyes.

'The giants! mama!' he cried, for his tumble had hardly awakened him. 'I don't like Lazy-man's Land, and I will go to school this afternoon.'

'Mama is glad that her lazy little boy has come to his senses,' replied his mother, with laughing eyes.

Correspondence

O. C., Pa.

Dear Editor,—I see you print letters from the children in your paper, so I thought I would write to you too.

I am a Canadian boy, but am living in the United States now. I came from Toronto when I was three years old.

This is an oil country. Wherever you look you can see lots of oil wells. Oil pipes are laid all over the country. This winter there were three wells drilled quite close to our house, and lately I saw them, what they call 'shoot' a well. When they find a place to make a well, they build a high derrick to hold the drill wheel on and when they have drilled down through earth and stones to the oil they 'shoot' the well with nitro-glycerine, is made as follows:—In the centre of a field is a deep well, the approach to which is made by an oblique structure of brick and stone. On the highest part of the raised ground is a wooden frame triangular in shape, with a point upwards. This frame is fastened to two strong posts placed on both sides of the raised ground. On the top of the wooden triangle is a wheel made of iron or wood. Below the wheel is a strong beam of wood fixed horizontally to the two posts. In the centre of the raised ground is a hollow, and in it is a revolving piece of iron to which is attached by thick ropes a huge leathern bag. One of the ropes is placed round the iron bar, and another is passed round the wheel at the top of the triangle. The ropes are tied to the yokes of oxen, and the oxen walk upwards; the wheel and the bar revolve backwards. In this way the leathern bag is dipped into the water, the driver gives it a sudden tug, and then to clear out the mud and stones, they then put a long tin pipe down the hole they have drilled with nitro-glycerine in it, and I can tell you the mud and stones fly up in the air lively, you would not want to be very near to it. I am sending you two post cards, one with a lot of derricks in, and one where they are 'shooting' the well. I guess my letter is long enough, so good-bye. I like your paper very much.

DAVID H. DARLEY.

[Thanks for the post cards, David, they make one quite anxious to pay you a visit. Glad to see you remember that you are a Canadian boy. Don't forget that.—Ed.]

OUR PICTURES.

1. 'Bird Cage.' Violet Olive Alquire, E. C., Ont.
2. 'A Fence.' Barbara A. Grant (aged 12), F. B., N.S.
3. 'My Oud Man's House.' Hugh Grant (aged 11), B., Ont.
4. 'My Knife.' A. D. M., West L., Ont.
5. 'A Watch.' James Brice, D., Ont.
6. 'My team.' S. B. Field, Q. P., Sask.
7. 'Apples.' H. Washington Graham (aged 10), H., Ont.
8. 'Flower.' Vina Fleming (aged 9), K., Ont.
9. 'A Tree.' Mary Robertson, V., Ont.
10. 'The Beaver.' Hugh Curtis (aged 8), M., Ont.
11. 'The Sun.' Georgie R. Grant (aged 7), T. B., N.S.
12. 'A House Teepee.' Julia N. Cameron (aged 12), E., N.S.
13. 'A Boat.' Hazel Wagg, S.B., Ont.
14. 'Sensitive Plant.' George C. Fraser (aged 11), C., N.B.
15. 'Little Red Riding Hood.' Jean Rumball (aged 8), M., Man.
16. 'Sparrow.' A. L. S., (aged 13), S., N.B.
17. 'Our Clock.' Mae McCreary (aged 14), S. F., Ont.
18. 'A House.' Gracie Goforth, M,, Ont.
19. 'House and Lot.' John Robinson (aged 9), M., Ont.
20. 'A Flower.' Mary E. Munro (aged 8), T. B., N.S.
21. 'Our Old Pump Dressed Up.' Sadie E. Paul (aged 11), A., Ont.
22. 'A Barn.' Myrtle Elfreda Johnson (aged 9), L .T., N.S.
23. 'Administrative Building, New Westminster, B.C.' Edna A. McBain (aged 14), M.C., Ont.
24. 'Going to Town.' Bert Stevens, M. R., N.B.
25. 'Our Old Home.' Harriet Swegles (aged 9), C., Ont.
26. 'Coffee Pot.' Reita Robertson (aged 11), E., Man.
27. 'A Sail Boat.' Amos Michener (aged 10), L.B., Ont.
28. 'A Parrot.' Harold S. (aged 11), Elmvale, Ont.

P., India.

Dear Boys and Girls in Canada,—I am writing to you an account of Indian Irrigation. On Saturday last my little brothers and I went out for a ramble in the fields, which adjoin the bungalow. We had to climb noules and ant-heaps, cross beds of vegetables, and jump over ditches filled with dirty water in order to get there. The water for irrigation is taken from a well by means of a moat. Now, dear readers, you must not imagine the moat to be the same as the moat which surrounded a Norman castle. An Indian moat sings to his oxen to go downwards; then he empties the water into a tank. There is a hollow in the side of the tank, and a channel runs down the raised ground and branches off into other sideways, and these branch off into others leading into the vegetable beds, etc. It is delightful to hear the ryot (farmer), singing to his oxen as he goes backwards and forwards, drawing out the water. The women cutting the vegetables look charming in their gaudy clothes, and little boys and girls taking the refuse from among the beds, and throwing it into ditches; and the ploughman with his team of oxen singing gaily. Everything seems full of life. The cauliflowers and beetroots sparkling with dewdrops which look like diamonds. The birds are singing merrily, and sheep are bleating among the bushes, while the clear white stream glides noisily along. I thoroughly enjoyed my walk in the fields.

RAY A. EZEKIEL (aged 16).

W. Ont.

Dear Editor,—My father owns one half acre of land, on which is built a cheese factory, stable, and house. He makes cheese in the summer, and my mother keeps the post office. I have only one brother, eight years old, and one cousin, ten years old, who is living with us, his name is Ralph James, being papa's sister's child; my brother's name is Stewart.

I noticed some time ago that the Editor had received a letter from L. and N. Wylie, of G., Ont. I know them, and hope they will see this.

I am closing with a riddle. Once a woman had water under her feet, water on her head, yet she was not touching water?

I can answer Zella Turney's first riddle (March 29). Answer—Fire.

I think we might have pet or nick names in this club, as well as other clubs. What do you all think? I would like to know what the Editor thinks of this.

EVELYN SWERDFAGER.

[Why nicknames, Evelyn? Could anything be prettier than your own name for instance and surely you wouldn't like to have one that was ugly. Besides, it would be very difficult to find nice nicknames for all our correspondents and ones that would be really distinctive, don't you think so?—Ed.]

B. P., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I have seen some of my little friends' drawings in the 'Messenger,' and think they are good. We have a little club called Band of Mercy, in which we have twenty-nine members. Our club is to be kind to all dumb animals, and try to protect them. We went on a picnic last summer, and had a fine time. I will close now with best wishes to the 'Northern Messenger.'

HILDA J. TREFRY.

OTHER LETTERS.

Gracie Newton, N.B., Ont., says this is 'a fine busy town, and before long we expect it will be a city. There are numbers of children here, and good schools, but they are much too crowded.' The riddles you ask have been asked before, Gracie.

Ralph C. Russell, H., Assa., says, 'We lost our horses last spring, and did not find them for two weeks' Hope they didn't go wandering this year, Ralph.

R. S. B., Alma, P. E. I., says they have four little calves and a colt. Aren't they pretty little animals to watch?

Edna May Teeter, S.A., Ont., says her father is a carpenter. You must love to go and watch him at his work, Edna, the new wood smells so sweet when it is planed. Why do you think anyone should be particularly proud of being a carpenter?

Grace Campbell, E., Que., has four brothers, and the youngest is twenty-two months old, and he is a dear little fellow. Of course he is, and splendid company if he is treated properly, but these young gentlemen are very quick to see when they are not wanted and to resent it as quickly.

David K. Carmichael, M.R., N.S., says they have ten lambs in their flock of sheep. Aren't they frisky little fellows?

Hazel Lawrence, T., Ont., writes, 'I have a little brother three years old, and I have three little kittens which he is always pulling about; he won't leave them alone.' Don't let him hurt them, Hazel. He is too little to understand much, but you can look after him and train him to be kind.

Alice Mehlman, P. M., N.S., takes music lessons twice a week. It takes a lot of time to keep up with your practising, doesn't it, Alice? But you'll never be sorry for having kept at it when you grow up.

Dot Essie Hadley, H., Ont., certainly ought to be a busy girl for she writes 'I milk two cows, and we keep the post office. We also keep a store and run the mill and a farm as well.' Yet she finds time to go two miles to school as well.

Travis Joe Hadley, and Minnie May Hadley also write short letters. Travis wrote his with his father's fountain pen. Minnie likes going to school, and wants to be a teacher when she grows up. The riddles sent in these letters have been asked before.

We also received short letters from Annie E. Raven K., B.C.; Stella Adelia Jackson O., Man.; Caroline Sullivan. W., Ont.; and Jennie J. Vaughan, E.P.M., N.S., All the riddles in these letters have been asked before.

HOUSEHOLD.

The Stepmother.

(Kathleen Kavanaugh, in 'Good Housekeeping.')

Within a fortnight of my birth,
My fair young mother passed from earth,
And mem'ry left to me no trace
Of her dear form or face,

In time another took her place:
The one who led me down the years,
Who kissed away all fret and tears;
Upon whose warm, responsive breast,
Whenever care oppressed,
I always found relief and rest.

It is my hope I'll see them stand
At Heaven's gate, hand clasped in hand—
The mother sweet I never knew,
The one tried, noble, true,
Who filled her place—my mother, too.

A Rare Accomplishment.

No accomplishment gives more pleasure than the art of story-telling, unless it may be the art of singing a song. But even the simplest song sounds better when accompanied on a musical instrument, and that is not always to be had. The story needs only the audience. It is no respecter of persons. The effective story-teller has a welcome by the camp-fire, at the dinner-table, in the lawyer's office, at the sick-bed, in the schoolroom, and at the kitchen door.

Women have not excelled in conversational story-telling. Perhaps their failure is partly because they find it hard to be brief. Women do not always know what not to say. Of all the rules which govern the story-teller, the most imperative is that which cuts away the superfluous. 'Nobody but yourself knows what good things you leave out,' is the only consolation for the merciless pruning of the successful story-teller.

It is difficult to teach the beguiling art of telling a story; but one may hear almost any day examples of how not to do it—and an occasional rare illustration of how to do it. But a woman who will teach herself skill in the accomplishment will never lack a welcome, for the world is hungry for innocent pleasure. We are all just as fond of hearing good stories as we were in our childhood's days.—'Christian Age.'

What to Teach Your Daughter

Teach her to be good.
Teach her to be self-reliant.
Teach her constant neatness.
Teach her kindness of temper.
Tach her how to 'set the table.'
Teach her to be kind to everyone.
Teach her industry and usefulness.
Teach her to avoid a fop or a flirt.
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Negligees that are comfortable and at the same time tasteful and becoming are much in demand. In the model shown here, we have a design that is very pretty and easy to follow. As illustrated, it was made of pink and white challis, trimmed with Valenciennes lace. The sleeve may be in bishop or flowing style, and a large pointed collar trimmed with a frill of lace gives a dressy appearance to the sacque. Silk, flannel, cashmere, dimity, or lawn will all make up nicely by this pattern. The medium size requires 3 yards of 36-inch material. Sizes for 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure.

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Ills of the Feet Relieved.

Probably no part of the human body receives so little care as the feet, and yet how necessary is their well being. Shoes that are either too large or too small produce corns. When these first appear, rub them with pumice stone. Treat in the same way the callous spots that form on the bottom and sides of the feet. Should the corn be very sore, soak the feet in warm water and then apply camphorated vaseline. In pairing a corn a very sharp knife should be used, and the operation most cautiously conducted. A poultice of bread crumbs soaked half an hour in vinegar will often remove a corn in a night.

Bunions should be rubbed with lanoline and then protected by a piece of oiled silk. Ingrowing toenails may be checked and cured by forcing back the flesh from the nail and inserting a tiny wad of lint under the edge of the nail. When the next toe presses the flesh down on the nail, bind the two toes together with adhesive plaster so as to prevent the pressure in the wrong place.

For perspiring feet, bathe the feet in water containing a little borax, and then powder with lycopodium. For tired or aching feet use a hot salt water bath and rub the feet dry with a rough towel. Swollen feet and ankles are benefited by a bath in water in which wood ashes have been boiled, the water being strained before it is used.

For women with sensitive feet that blister easily, a simple remedy is to rub the sole of the stockings with castile soap, and to soften the soap in water and rub it over the bottom and sides of the feet. Chilblains can be cured by persistent bathing night and morning with witch hazel. Three parts vinegar and one part camphorated brandy is a preventative of chilblains if used during the fall months and before cold weather comes.

Selected Recipe.

ROMAN MEAT PUDDING.—It isn't at all likely that the Romans used up their leftovers of joints and roasts in this way; but it is none the less a very palatable method of disposing of cold veal, chicken, mutton or beef: Have a pint of the meat after it is finely minced. Take a cup of good stock well-flavored, one egg, some lemon juice, or tomato sauce, a few bread crumbs, and pepper and salt. Mix all together and season if liked with a little onion and chopped parsley. Line a mold or dish with some macaroni, previously boiled till tender. Fill the dish with the meat mixture and steam for half an hour. Turn out of the dish and serve with a white sauce.

STRAWBERRY PUDDING SAUCE.—Mash one pint of ripe berries with a potato masher. Beat a piece of butter as large as an egg and one and one-half cupfuls of powdered sugar to a light cream; add the white of one egg beaten to a stiff froth, and just before serving, stir in the mashed berries.

DELICIOUS STRAWBERRY CREAM.—Scald one pint of milk in a double boiler. Beat the yolks of six eggs and two cupfuls of sugar until it thickens, stirring constantly. Remove from the fire, add one pint of cream, and when cold one quart of strawberries that have been mashed through a colander, and freeze.

STRAWBERRY SHERBET.—Boil two and one half cupfuls of sugar and one quart of water together for five minutes. Add the juice of two lemons to one quart of strawberries, and mash fine. When the syrup is cold, pour it over the berries and strain through a cheese cloth bag. Pack and freeze, stirring constantly. When the dasher is removed add a meringue made of the white of one egg and one tablespoonful of sugar beaten until white and stiff. Repack and stand aside until wanted.

STRAWBERRY WATER ICE.—This is made the same as sherbet, except that it must not be light and frothy, and so is only stirred occasionally during the process of freezing, and no meringue is added.

The Reason Woman is Unreasonable.

Why are women less 'reasonable' than men? What is the reason for their tendency to resent criticism, no matter how just it is, and to keep right on doing things their own way regardless of the rights and protests of others? Is it something inherent in the nature of woman or is it something arising from the difference between her training and experience and that of men?

Every business man will admit that when he first started to make his way in the business world he 'thought he knew it all,' and was highly indignant if any one tried to tell him that he did not. This is the attitude of nearly every youth when he starts out for himself. And it is especially true of every young man who has been brought up in good circumstances and well educated. Every mature man expects to find this conceit in the unfledged youths who go to work for him.

But the mature man in the high tide of his success aims to learn something from every one he meets, and it is his boast that he can digest and profit by all criticism, just or unjust, that is aimed at him. How did the business man arrive at this wisdom? How did he so completely change his attitude from that of 'knowing it all' and resenting criticism to the rational attitude of readiness to learn from every one he comes in contact with? He says he learned it from experience, by hard knocks out in the cold world. He never could have learned that wisdom if he had been coddled at home all his life as the average woman is during her youth.

The average woman of mature age, living at home, has never learned, as the man out in the world has, to submit to criticism. She does not easily submit to rules of order and procedure. She is not 'reasonable.' Her pleasure is law enough for her, and she feels bound by no other. No matter what mistake she makes in the conduct of practical affairs, she resents criticism and refuses to profit by it. For instance, she is told how to get off a street car, but, as a rule, she thinks the directions are of no importance. She is angry if the conductor makes a suggestion. In most things she follows her own whim or pleasure, and woe betide the man who tries to argue with her. If he be her husband she takes refuge in tears; if he be a mere acquaintance she looks, or says in words, 'You are no gentleman!' Of course this is not universally true, but it is so true that lots of men say, 'Never try to tell a woman anything.'

Most men say it is hard to make a woman keep a contract if she happens to change her mind before the contract is executed. When she comes out ahead she thinks a contract is a fine thing; when she loses she too often draws back and shows herself willing to let somebody else shoulder the loss. It is commonly heard among business men, 'I hate to transact business for a woman.'

This is not because women do not mean to be honest and honorable; it is simply because they do not recognize the value of a contract or of other business procedure. They do not look at these things in the strictly rational way that men are trained to do.

It appears that experience in the business world has done for the man what experience in the home world has failed to do for the woman. There is reason for this difference in result arising from the fundamental difference between these two worlds of experience. A home is a mimic world that may be run on independent lines according to the particular ideas or tastes of an arbitrary ruler. At the most a home is made to conform to the ideas of only three or four people, and as a rule a home is run according to the ideas of one person—the mistress of the home.

A woman in her own home is something of a queen; her pleasure is the law of that home. There are a few civic regulations as to sanitation, etc., that impose themselves on the home, but outside of these there is nothing to restrict the absolute liberty of the mistress. She may make up the beds before breakfast, without airing, or she may leave the beds open until noon; there is no one to dispute her right to do as she pleases. She may clean house one room at a time, or she may tear up the whole house and keep every room in confusion until everything is done. Every woman has her own theory about every detail of her housekeeping, and she usually manages to follow it.

A mere man might say, 'Well, there must be a right way to do everything, and the woman who does things the poorest way is a poor housekeeper and a failure.' Every woman knows that her way is best and she follows it.

But business and professional life moves on larger lines. A man's business life is directly connected with and is a part of the whole great world of affairs. The business or professional man finds himself a part of a worldwide scheme of things. His attention is, therefore, constantly being called to the necessity of submission to broad general laws of procedure that he sees are obtaining everywhere in the civilized world.

Woman under the infinitely smaller horizon of a single home tends to develop only on the line of least resistance. She becomes more and more like herself and less and less like the world at large. In the home and in social life personality is magnified; charm, personal magnetism, family, count more than exact procedure. In fact, when these are opposed in great measure one is released from a strict following of exact procedure. Women do submit to the arbitrary decrees of fashion, but these train women in the wrong direction, since the law of fashion prescribes constant and utterly illogical change.

The business world is stable, conservative, and its laws change slowly. Every business is carried on under the same general laws and is successful in proportion as it exemplifies those laws. The domestic world is comparatively unstable, capricious, arbitrary, because each little home has independent laws for its internal government.

Here, then, in this difference in experience we find sufficient reason for woman's 'unreasonableness'—her tendency to resent criticism and her tendency to make her own whim or pleasure her only law.—John Howland in the Chicago 'Tribune.'

Tired of Masquerading.

'Didn't you have a pleasant time at Cousin Maria's?' the grandmother was asked, when she returned several days earlier than was expected from a long-talked-of visit.

'Y-e-s, O, yes,' but she breathed a little sigh of relief as she looked about her at the home belongings. 'Everything was nice at Maria's, and she and the girls as kind and hearty as could be, but it was all a front-door sort of life—just studyin' how things would look from the front door—and seemed like I wanted to get home again. I didn't mind sleepin' on a bed that had looked like a piano all day, nor keepin' my clothes in a box that was rigged up for a sofy, nor eatin' my meals on a table that slid out from what looked like a fireplace—you see, they live in a flat, and Maria says all them things is conveniences; I s'pose they are. But both the girls work down town, and when Anna packed her patterns and dressmaking tools into something that looked like a music-roll, and Lily put up her dinner in a box that looked for all the world like a camera, seemed 'sif I'd got into a place where I didn't belong. I wanted to get back where things are real; where good, honest work ain't a thing to be ashamed of, and the food it earns is a blessin' to be thankful for.'—J. R. Miler.

Your Boy and Good Manners.

Mothers make a mistake if they do not insist on good manners in the family. There is no reason why a boy should be boorish when his sister is polite, that a boy should be grumpy and awkward, ill at ease before strangers and unacquainted with table etiquette when his sister possesses the 'savoir-faire' of good breeding. We are talking about the growing boy. While he is still under your daily care, teach him to take off his hat when he meets you on the street, to rise when you enter the room, to place a footstool for his grandmother, and to carry any bundle or parcel not too heavy for small hands. A little fellow who is permitted to wear his hat in the house when only his mother and sisters are present cannot be expected to take it off because visitors have arrived.

'Freddie, why do you stand there with your hat on,' asks the mother, severely, when Freddie thus transgresses propriety, and the minister's wife or the lady from Baltimore or the aunt from Philadelphia is in the room. If Freddie had been taught always to stand bareheaded in the house, if it were his custom to pull off his hat whenever he met a lady or an older person of his own sex out of doors, the act would be automatic. Let him button your shoes, put on and take off your rubbers, perform little services at home. If you are wise you will send him on errands to your friends, give him notes and messages to carry, and otherwise make him at ease when obliged to address some one he knows slightly.—Margaret E. Sangster in 'Woman's Home Companion.'

Three conditions must be fulfilled in any successful undertaking: First, it is necessary to have an end in view—vision; second, a thorough belief in the possibility of attaining it—faith; and third, a practical confidence in the means that are being used to accomplish this end—knowledge.—Charles Cuthbert Hall.

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